

ROYAL BLUE AND GOLD

CAMROSE ALBERTA NOVEMBER



1941

MISS YOUNIE AND TYPING DEMON



FIRST ISSUE FOR 1941-42

SCOOPS by PEARCE and CHRISTENSEN
THROUGH THE KEYHOLE
NEWS-STORIES

NEWS SECTION

LEROY NELSON-NEWS EDITOR

MR. MUNN CALLED TO R.C.A.F.

Mr. Munn was called on Tuesday, Nov 4 by the R.C.A.F. and left today to report at Brandon as an instructor in the R.C.A.F. holding the rank of Pilot Officer. He sent his application in during the latter part of December, 1940, and has waited since for his call. Mrs. Munn will remain in Camrose for the present.

Mr. Munn came to Camrose in 1938 and has taught mainly mathematics since. He coached the hockey team the three seasons he was here.

Here are a few words of wisdom Mr. Munn wishes to have transmitted to the students.

Quote: "I have certainly enjoyed being with the students of the Camrose High School. Even though I was frothing at the mouth, I was really laughing, which they no doubt knew. If I am ever on leave near Camrose I will be back to check up on them. I might even give them a lesson." Unquote.

There is no doubt in the minds of all students that Mr. Munn will be missed around the school. We wish him all the luck and success in the world in his new position.

MR. MUNN PRESENTED WITH WRIST WATCH

Russ Sanderson Makes Presentation On Behalf Of Student Body and Faculty.

On Monday, November 10, the students and teaching staff of the Camrose High School gathered in the assembly hall to bid farewell to Mr. Munn, who is leaving soon to join the R. C. A.F.

On entering the assembly hall, Mr. Munn was called to the centre of the floor and appropriately presented with a wrist watch by Russ Sanderson, President of the student body.

After receiving the presentation, Mr. Munn spoke briefly, thanking those present for the gift. "I have enjoyed every moment while in Camrose," Mr. Munn stated.

Three rousing cheers and a tiger were voiced enthusiastically by his friends. Perhaps those cheers would have been louder if it were not for those lumps in our throats.

Mr. Markle also spoke briefly. With his usual excellent choice of words, he expressed his regret at

Mr. Munn's leaving. He also added, "There will still be a place in this school waiting for you when you return."

Three more rousing cheers and a tiger were again given and all sang "For he's a jolly good fellow," despite emotion.

It is unnecessary to add that everyone in the Camrose High School will certainly regret Mr. Munn's leaving.

MR. GULLIVER TAKES OVER MR. MUNN'S TEACHING DUTIES

Likes School Very Much

In the future, students will get accustomed to seeing Mr. Gulliver in the place previously occupied by Mr. Munn. Mr. Gulliver is from Didsbury. He will be teaching for an indefinite period. When asked how he liked the school, he said, "I like the school very much. I think it is one of the finest high schools I have ever seen."

BIOLOGY II CLASS PERFORMS OPERATION

P. Rabbit Unfortunate Victim of Potential Biologists.

To the list of scientific martyrs has been added the names of P. Rabbit and a few of his relatives.

In an endeavor to trace the digestive and circulatory systems of the rabbit, Mr. Creighton's biologists looked into the animal's inner recesses last Thursday.

Anyone peeking into the lab. saw mixed expressions on the students' faces as operations progressed. Ordinarily shy timid damsels were seen probing Mr. Rabbit's innards with fiendish delight.

A few stood watching the proceedings with a handkerchief held daintily to the nose. Others stood watching the proceedings outside the window. Most noticeable were the expressions of sympathy--self-sympathetic.

Credit must be given to the eminent hunters, Bob Dowling and Bob Rogers, who supplied the rabbits.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ARE A SOUND INVESTMENT
BUY THEM REGULARY!

LACK OF INTEREST IN SPORTS NOTICEABLE

For the school term up to this date there has been a decided lack of interest in sports of any kind, except, of course, snooker, fluke and bowling. However the field sports have been badly neglected and even the crude form of rugby carried on with such interest in past years has suffered a marked decrease in popularity. What is the reason for this lack of interest, Is it because of the delayed opening of school and the resulting overload of homework? Or is it plain lazyness? Perhaps a few of us are afraid of having the same accident that John Tanner suffered whils playing rugby. That can't happen to everyone so why lose heart?

The main thing now is not rugby but hockey. It isn't too early in the season to make up our minds to support the hockey when it's organized. With an attendance of one hundred and sixty odd students, there should be no excuse for the lack of supporters at the games this winter.

C.H.S. BOASTS NEW STOKER It's a Valuable Timesaver For Oscar

The Edmonton Utility Gas Company installed a new stoker in the Camrose High School on November the 8th. This valuable timesaver for Oscar was installed free. The gas company will let the school use it without charge till next year. It then expects the school to try gas for it's heating purposes. If gas heating cannot compete with coal it will let the school have th stoker for nothing.

The stoker in question is a Risdon with a capacity of 400 pounds of coal- which is considerably more than that of the old one. Oscar has built on an extention which nearly doubles the stoker's capacity.

Although Oscar is delighted with his new work and time saving appliance he is doubtful if the stoker will serve satisfactorily when the new radiators of the extended wings-15 in all are put into service.

The stoker is regulated by steam pressure. A thermostat for this purpose will be installed in the library.

FLASH!!!!

LIT POSPONED INDEFINITLY

The excecutive has announced that the Lit. planned for Friday November 14 has been postponed. No definite date has been set as yet.

PILOT OFFICER SOLHEIM REPORTED MISSING

Reports from England mentioned P.O. Mervin Solheim as one of the large number of airmen missing after the extensive bombing raids carried out over Germany and occupied countries, last Saturday night.

SMOKE\$ FOR SOLDEIRS FUND BEING NEGLECTED

According to A. Cummer, who is in charge of the smokes for soldiers jar the pennies are not coming in as quickly as they should be. If the proceeds of those "I'll match you for a penny" games would be deposited in the jar in the hall, it might have to be emtied once in a while.

From all reports from overseas, a ci arette is priceless to a man in wartime. If he is being subjected to enemy fire, a cigarette will take his mind off the horrors at hand. So do your part in helping the men on active service by merely giving a few pennies.

DESERTIONS IN STENO I CLASS REACH STAMPEDE PROPORTIONS Is It Too Hard?

At the begining of school room six was so full of steno students, that it took half the period to call the roll. Now there is less than a dozen of the original number of sento I in action.

As hard work is a formidable obstacle the students yielded. Not even Miss Younie's good nature could induce them to stay.

Many of the casualties could have been distinguished by their unique form of address. Instead of their usual, "Hello" they greeted each other with "Abe ate the bait!" which was one of the first sentences they learned to read in stenography.

"R.B.&G." STAFF WORKS OVERTIME TO GET PAPER OUT FOR TODAY Staff Hopes Teachers Will Excuse Them For Not Having Their Homework Done

Teachers Please Take Note Of Above.

About 10:30 last night the last stencil went to press exactly five and a half hours after the lateest possible deadline. About an hour later the staff went home. The paper was assembled and ready for sale.

The night shift began at six p.m. Columnists and editors struggled to put the last finishing touches on their work. Scoop Pearce with his feet on the table his pencil in his mouth and his mind far, far away was trying to finish his column- or so he said. News editor Nelson groaned and sweated over his news section. Typists swore, production men loafed. Five and a half hours of this: everyone exhausted, first paper was sold to Oscar and everyone staggered home.

Every great scientific truth goes through three stages. First people say it conflicts with the Bible. Next they say it has been discovered before. Lastly, they say they have always believed it.



AIR CADETS

CAMROSE FLIGHT



AIR MARSHAL W.A. BISHOP V.C., M.C.,
D.S.O., D.F.C.

THE AIR CADET LEAGUE OF CANADA

Honorary President-Air Cadet League of Canada

Of the thousands who served with distinction in the R.A.F. in the war of 1914-18 no officer has brought more honour to himself and to his country than Air Marshall W.A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O. and bar, M.C., D.F.C., Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, Croix de Guerre with Palm.

When the war began he was a twenty year old cadet at Royal Military College, Kingston Ontario. When it ended he was a Lieutenant-Colonel literally loaded with the decorations mentioned above.

His first recognition came on April 7, 1915. He destroyed an enemy observation balloon after first shooting down a German plane. For this he received the Military Cross. He was soon promoted to Captain and shortly after this he engaged 23 enemy planes in one day and brought down three of them. He was awarded the D.S.O. for this exploit. On June 2 of the same year he won the V.C. On this occasion he attacked single handed an aerodrome 12 miles within the German lines causing 4 machines to crash. In September he was awarded a Bar to the D.S.O. already received for conspicuous dash and fearlessness. Shortly after he was promoted to the rank of Major. He then, came to Canada on leave but returned to the front in 1918. In 12 days alone he brought down 25 craft and received the D.F.C. In addition to these he has been decorated by the French governments of 1914-18.

When the second Great War began, Air Marshal Bishop immediately offered his services. To-day he is Air Marshal-in 1941 a raw school cadet-in 1941 the hero of heroes. In the word of Lieut.-Col. George A. Drew in his book, 'Canada's Fighting Airmen', "beyond question the most brilliant aerial duellist the world has known."

From the O.C.

Peter Syrnyk, Bob Therwell, Kieth Wattie, Ralph White, Bob Williams, Ramon Young, Bob Burrows.

At the time of writing it is the intention of the O.C. to enrol about six juniors as the quota of seniors is not quite complete.

The main idea of the Air Cadet League of Canada is to teach boys about the Air Force, so, that when they have finished this Cadet training they will have a general idea of what they are up against in the R.C.A.F. Another thing is that, after this training is finished, and any of these boys plan to join the R.C.A.F. it will reduce their training by six weeks.

The officers for the Air Cadet Flight in Camrose are:

F.O. J.W.E. Markle-Officer Commanding.
P.O. T.K. Creighton-A djutant
W.O. G. Carter-Equipment Officer
F.O. M. Smith-Medical Officer
Mr. J. Strong is in charge of the signalling.

The cadets are finding this training very interesting. Why not? We have a fine group of officers.

The Camrose Flight has been organized for about a month now, and all the boys have had their medical examination by P.O. Smith.

The boys are expected to make four different types of aeroplanes. They are listed here in the order in which they are to be made:

Solid Maodel
Glider
Rubber Powered
Gas Model

The Camrose Flight meets Mondays and Thursdays in the Town Hall at eight O'clock.

The executive for the Camrose Flight consists of: Mayor P.A. East, Mr. T. Bailey, Mr. T. Campbell, Mr. A. Younge, Mr. F.P. Layton, and Dr. Ness. These men are the ones that Air Cadets can thank for the organization of this Flight in Camrose.

The Camrose Flight No. 24 has enrolled about fifty boys: Norman Anderson, Roy Anderson, Gordon Batty, Philip Carry, Austin Chant, Bill Christensen, Gordon Clapson, Fred Cummer, Mervyn Devonshire, Bob Dowling, Redmond Elliott, Lester Ferguson, Michael Fisher, Dean Fowler, Clarke Hanson, Gerald Hilliard, Steve Hnyda, Earland Johnston, Rod Knaut, Robert Lambert, James Likdholm, Henry Lien, Lon Madison, John Maland, Bill Markle, Edwin McKinstry, Dana Murray, Carl Nybery, Carlton Olson, Savern Pendelton, Gilbert Pound, Bill Richardson, Doug Robertson, Alton Ronning, Joe Scott, Art Shepherd, Ed Shermak, Herb Sissons, Roland Swaren,

EDITORIAL PAGE

The "ROYAL BLUE & GOLD" is published monthly by the students of Camrose High School.

It is sold by the copy and may be obtained by prearrangement from Ed Shermak, Business Manager, or when it is distributed, from the room salesman. Price per copy, five cents.

The staff of the ROYAL BLUE & GOLD is as follows:

Director-J.W.E. Markle

Editor-in Chief-Save Hnyda

Associate Editor-Elaine Brown

News Editor

Sports Editor Leroy Nelson

Rewrite Editor-Peggy Skjeie

Business Manager-Ed Shermak

Production Manager-Roland Swaren

Columnists: Betty Groven and Assistants; Ernie Pearce and Bill Christensen; Stan Hnyda; Bill Markle; Elaine Brown; May Seidel.

EDITORS NOTE

The gossip pages as written by our faithful snoopers have been criticized for the shallowness of the material they contained with the result that those pages are going to be altered greatly. It is no fault of the snoopers that they bring in such stuff; they were asked for it. It's hardly the fault of the editor because, knowing how much the students like to see their friends and rivals pilloried in these pages, tried to get something that would please them - without of course being too hard on the victims.

It should be understood that the editor determines the contents of the paper only to a limited extent. He must try to get as good a paper as possible and he must try the readers, including those whose tastes are not what they might or should be.

All of the foregoing comes to this: the gossip pages are either going to cut in number or their nature is to be so changed that the trivial material will be omitted. Better stories will replace the time worn who's going with who, where and when stuff. If the ingenuity of our writers does not fail-it does sometimes-we'll have something much better than formerly. We're not promising anything but that we'll do our best in this respect. Let us now of any of your ideas on the subject.

In the meantime you may turn to the scoops and key hole peepings. It may be the last time you'll have an opportunity to read, "what student at C.H.S. took a certain girl to some movie on the night of November the ? when he should have been at home studying a subject in which he was very weak and in which there was going to be a test the next day.

FROM MR. MARKLE

The deadline for this editorial is to-day, Friday, October the thirty-first. So, observe us, dear readers, burning the midnight oil, one fearful eye on the editor of the Royal Blue & Gold and the other on the hands of the clock, as we feverishly scribble our bit of copy. If you must know, this assignment was made long ago, but like everyone else, or nearly everyone else, in this high school, we seem to find it advisable to leave such tasks to the last possible moment. Maybe it is a good way after all. For we are rather slow at this sort of thing and ideas have to simmer quite a long time before coming to the boil. However, the editor did suggest a topic and if we don't get on with it, our genial Steve will feel like giving us some of our own medicine.

Still, we are reluctant to go further without saying a word or two about something else. Are we not all very fortunate that the management of our school paper is still in the Hnyda family? We saw the success that Stan made last year and, having observed also that those Hnydas do get things done, we feel greatly pleased that Steve has taken over.

And that brings me to what we are supposed to be talking about. Those of you read Knute Rockne's excellent essay "Qualities That Make or Mar Success" may recall his words: "I say ambition, the right kind of ambition means the ability to cooperate with--men--." Not it must be true that every student in this school is ambitious in some way or another. Else why is he here? We wonder if Knute Rockne be not pretty close to the truth about this thing called ambition? And if he be right should we not all be eager to cooperate with Steve and his staff, keen to do our share and anxious to place our little effort beside those of our fellows? Steve intends to work hard. Poor fellow, he can't help it. It's his nature. His sub-editors and helpers all intend to work hard too, but behind their efforts must be the cub reporter, the assembly staff, the midnight oil, the scribbler with his eye on the deadline. Even as we, dear readers, are agonizing over this bit of composition. It must be done or the bell will toll. So we bite the end of our august pencil and drive on. Four hundred words of copy on the dot or an irate editor, a paper delayed, a public disappointed and dear knows what other dire consequences. So on we plod...360...the oil is burning low and the ideas lower but the end is in sight...390...we are so sleepy. But another swig of coffee and we will be finished...ambition...cooperation...queer...but...399...oh, well.....

Introducing

by Stan Hnyda

MISS MABEL YOUNIE

It was five years ago that Miss Younie began her teaching career. In a one room school at Haddock-a little one horse and one store town which is supposed to be on the map-she had her first experience in this work. Apparently, unlike most of the other teachers, she enjoyed her first year of teaching for she returned the following year.

Her next three years of teaching were spent at Carrot Creek-no doubt centre of the carrot raising industry as well as of education. Believe it or not she taught typing at this school. One of the typewriters in use, which was so old as to have considerable value as a museum peice, had some innovations which could be used to advantage in teaching typing at C.H.S. today. The machine was so constructed that you couldn't see what you were typing -no, typing students, not even if you peeked when the teachers back was turned.

Camrose High School is a big jump from those little country schools. Perhaps it really doesn't make much difference to Miss Younie; after all there is a great similarity between a grade one or two class learning its A B C's and the Stenography I class learning its outlines, both in respect to behaviour and ability to read lessons.

Miss Younie was born in Tofield. Shortly after her family moved to Fort Saskatchewan. Later they moved to Edmonton where they have lived since. In Edmonton she received all her education. She attended Garneau Public School and Strathcona High School. In 1932-33 she took a commercial course at McDougal Commercial High School. Her course differed considerable from the one she teaches here. There was, of course, typing, bookkeeping and stenography. Stenography was learned in a much more tedious way than now. Students had to memorize masses of outlines and short forms. To-day students take such outlines and short forms in easy doses (and still some aren't able to digest them. In addition to the mentioned courses Miss Younie studied law, Business English, office practice, spelling and penmanship.



After graduating Miss Younie didn't get a permanent position: the depression was on then and work in business houses was very hard to get.

In 1935 she was admitted, with 99 other students to the Normal School. There was an over supply of students at the time and consequently the number being admitted was limited.

Miss Younie enjoys teaching. When she was living in the country she found life very interesting; it was unlike anything to which she had been accustomed. She learned to ride horseback and had plenty of opportunities to indulge in one of her favorite forms of exercise-walking. In Camrose Miss younie has become a member of the Business and Professional Women's Club. Though she is busy with her work and with her social obligations, Miss Younie still finds time for listening to the radio and reading: her favorite forms of relaxation.

NEXT MONTH:

Mr. Gulliver tells all (we hope)!

SNOOPY SCOOPS!

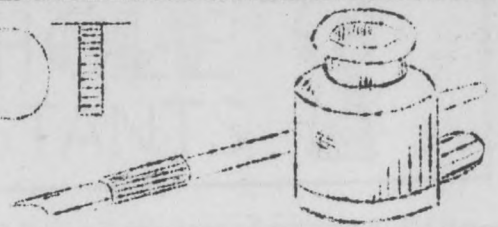
Pearce and Christiensen promise to have their column done on time-for the first time in their careers as columnists for the R.B.&G.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ARE A SOUND INVESTMENT
BUY THEM REGULARY!



The INK DOT

by STAN HNYDA



DEAR READERS:

Against my better judgment I have agreed to fill this page of the Royal Blue and Gold. If after reading this column carefully you find it as bad as I think it is, please tell the editor to fire me. Believe me, friends, you will be doing yourself and me a favour.

Grade 10 Students Take Note!

During the past few weeks of school your actions have been observed to be contrary to the accepted rules of school behavior. I will explain.

Some of you have been consistently tardy in getting your homework done on time if you did it at all. This can't be tolerated. Only grade twelve students have that privilege here. You MUST get your work done on time. This refers to getting assignments for the paper in before deadline as well.

Then, too, there is the matter of school attendance. When the morning or afternoon bell rings, grade ten students are to be in their seats ready for the roll call. At this time it is usual for grade eleven students to be eating breakfast. But the grade twelve people, happy folk, are just shutting off the alarm clock. It may be well to remind you, too, that leaving school in school hours without permission is prohibited except, of course, for grade twelvers. This is a pointless practice anyhow, if you aren't old enough to go in the pool room. If you grade ten boys heed this, you'll be well on your way to passing and becoming a more privileged grade eleven student.

Ssh, folks, the Doolittle Club is in session. Place-Joe's Drugs and Sodas; Time-7:30p.m., the time "good" children are doing homework. Characters-four boys at the soda fountain with seats on the high stools and elbows on the counter. Each one is sipping an iced cow, otherwise a soda as we enter, one of the boys begins to speak. Curtain! Music!

"Well fella's when I pass my one subject this year I'll have achieved my goal and main ambition; namely that of bein' able to go back to school next year and take no subjects. Gee whatta thought. But I worked for what I wanted; I went to grade twelve for years to get to this position. Confidentially, fella's, I think it was worth it."

"Have you started doin' homework," asks another.

"Homework? Me? I'm not dumb bud. I got time. It's only November you know. And the exams are in June. Only the dumb bunnies do homework now." "Yah, but you said the same thing last year and years before and every time June drew near you gave up the fight because there wasn't enough time to study."

"Sure, sure, but it's going to be different this year."

"You know," spoke up another who so far had kept silent, "I don't see no sense in studying. There are plenty of men who are learning six figure salaries who didn't even go to school. Shucks, if they can do it, so can we."

"You know what I heard? Someone told me that studying interferes with original thinking. It's all because when you don't learn much you think of original things, but when you know a lot you just rehash what you know!"

"Something to that! Besides whate the good of learning stuff you only forget in a couple of years."

"Yah, and besides a lot of stuff you do learn is useless. What's the good of studying poetry to a farmer, or spelling to a carpenter, history to a storekeeper, chemistry to a policeman. I'm certain most of the stuff in school is useless to most people."

"My pop says teachers are paid for nothing. All they do is tell us and make us learn things we don't need to know."

"Yah an' they work only from nine to four in the afternoon with an hour and a half off at noons. That's as short working hours as anyone can expect. We do homework in afterhours but what do they do?"

"You know what, if teachers get paid for teaching what they already know, we aughta get paid, too, for learning things we don't know!"

"Listen boys before you reorganize the whole educational system I'd like to bring your attention to the fact that it's time to go to the pool room. You know that if we're late that ganp will get sore, and Smoky will give us another one of his lectures on WASTING TIME. So let's go."

The Camroad's High School strip is for the purpose of making fun around our own and our teachers problems. If you have any suggestions or ideas please pass them on to us. Remember noone is to be hurt or held up to ridicule. We make fun around subjects and not at them.

THRU THE KEYHOLE

BY BETTY GROVEN and ASSISTANTS



...How's the big red Nash, Mona? Nice car, eh?-when it doesn't crack up!...

...The carnival does some pretty wonderful things to people, eh Cris? Your college friend is some dish! How does it feel about it?.....

...Who is the big husky college boy who gets Enid all aflutter? Could it be Philip?.....

...We wish that Verona would make up her mind-BEU USE- he is going with Barbara, now!.....

...Why is Miss Younie threatening to break up the Spiers, Dowling, Cassady and Wattie clique? Ask Daphne.....

...WE HEARD—
Harriet and Peggy discussing musical matters with the Big Moment from the college.....

...that Rod receives fan mail from FOUR girls at Baptiste Lake. By next issue we hope to have names and addresses of said girls-incidentally we hear they're cute little tricks.....

...that Bill Markle is so financially embarrassed he can't buy War Saving Stamps. Well, my little man, how about cutting down on those big boxes of chocolates for Cuddlecats Slight.....

...that Daphne is trying to horn in on Helen's one and only. But "Don" took Leoda home from Young Peoples. Who's it gonna be, gals?!!!!.....

...Helen Agrios seems to be having great difficulty in deciding whether the latest man hunt will be directed toward (1) the "snazzy" vice-president of our fair school or (2) concentrate all her fatal charm on that blonde rival of Clark Gable.....

...The carnival took in a lot of money from Russ and.... Well, Lavina was there a lot, too.....

...What were Cliff and Chris doing in one of the college bathtubs with their duds on.....

...Why does Odla run from graveyards and why does Lois Craney remove her specs when she goes out with her beau.....

...Does anyone know why "The Artful Dodger" would be a good nickname for Gilbert? -I do!!!.....

...How come Nancy is lookin' so "Rosie" lately.....

...Don't tell us you've dropped Miss Wiggins, Bob, or is the new flame from the big city just a substitute in the absence of Miss Wiggins?....

...Leoda's solo in church was really good. Was it for the benefit of the Airman in the congregation, Leoda?.

...A certain young Casanova (with curly blonde hair) in room 5 is flipping the hearts of fair damsels around C.H.S. Worst luck though, we heard he has a girl in another port.....

...We have it from a little birdie that Romeo Elliot thinks Beryl is the only "chicken" in the coop. Flash, quote, "Well, he can find consolation in the cows as far as I'm concerned."

...If you can guess who "quoted" the above-we will give free-your horoscope.

...Does anyone know why Bob D. and Dean have been seeing "cream cans" in their sleep?.....

...Why did Betty Howarth move into room 4, and why is she so happy now??

...A popular teacher predicts that there will be no blondes a century from now. That 's O.K. the way things are going, there won't be any gents either.....

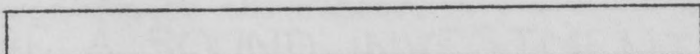
...The grade ten girls are feeling pretty happy these days, now that the grade nine girls won't be at the coming dances. Of course they could "crash" the parties.....

...Why did Elaine's light up like a hitch hiker's at the sound of a brake squeal when she was appointed associate editor of the R. B. and G.??

...We like Dorothy's new chauffeur, and I betcha she does too. He must be makin' money(???).....

...Too bad Dana had to leave his girl friend in other hands "that" night. Did you trust the other guy, Dana?.....

...Leonard didn't come to school Monday morning because he didn't have his homework done, because he didn't get to bed until real late, because someone was there, because Mr. and Mrs. Modry were out. You shouldn't leave your homework until Sunday night, Len.....



SNOOPY SCOOPS! and SENSATIONAL STORIES Ernest "Endeavour" Pearce and "Belgewater" Christensen

We have all heard that our beloved teacher Mr. J. Munn is leaving our school. Of course this came as a complete surprise to us. When it was known for sure that he was going there were many of us that sincerely hoped that he would not pass the medical; but to no avail. I guess he was too healthy from batting his dear students around. We will all miss his cheery smile and his very original wise-cracks.

HALLOWEEN SCOOPS!!

The authenticity of these reports is unquestionable.

Here are some of the sights we managed to see:

Jim Richardson driving a tractor in front of the Alice Hotel. The tractor was a ten boy-power job with a cruising speed of about two m.p.h. Jim's quite a man behind the wheel of this type of speed wagon.

Where was J. Waterton last Halloween. It's the first year Jim hasn't been out with the gang upsetting things etc. Has your conscience caught up with you Jim, or are there higher ideals for such an occasion.

Did the fifteen Camrose High School students have an invitation to the C.L.C. Lit. on Halloween. Anyway we hear it was a good fight. Who were the pranksters who pushed Alton's car down a hill, upset the beds and went swimming in the bathtubs. Better luck next time fellas.

FLASH!! Dowling and Fowler Committ First Criminal Offence Halloween Eve

R.W. Dowling (No. q8549065) and D. Fowler (No. q8549066) were caught red handed after having upset a number of cream cans at the creamry. The boys pleaded guilty and were sentenced to at least two years hard labor at Camrose High School. Also to set up the cans again.

The typist won't wait long enough for the writer's of this column to fill this space, so.....

STRONG REACHES MANHOOD (he thinks)

Chuck Strong feels that he has reached that all important age when his upper lip should be adorned with a tea (or is it milk) strainer. Anyway Chuck is sporting a slight growth. He only has one handicap. If he gets to tangle with Russ, Russ threatens to pull all three hairs out from each side.

At last Leonard Modry has developed his mind to such a great degree that he is able to do his Algebra homework amidst the din and glare of the York Cafe. Is it the smell of food that inspires him or is it because the gang usually hangs out somewhere between there and the "Rec" Nevertheless Leonard may be seen night after night in about booth sixteen or something.

ATTENTION!! ALL GIRLS

We have learned from authoritative sources that Doug R. has an amazon from Lethbridge on the string.

We suggest that all Camrose High School girls keep their hooks off. These amazons are tough.

GR. 10 GIRLS USE SADIE HAWKINS PLAN TO NAB THEIR MEN.....

It seems that certain grade ten girls have been sadly neglected as far as the boys are concerned. So to counteract the impending disaster they through a blowout at Elaine Brown's estate. Some of the results are as follows:

As usual- Daisy Mae Brown nabbed Lill' Abner Devonshirah, the widder Agrios ketched the widower Noonan, Lonesome-polecat Shepherd was caught by Siren Bailey.

P.S. Fred Cummer and Rod Knaut are still running.

Well folks, only twenty lines to go our typist tells us. Can't think of a thing to write.

It's been twenty minutes since we wrote the last line; typist is getting very tired. Fancy that, He's going nothing but waiting too. Well there's a story about-let's see who it is- no maybe we better not tell it: it won't pass the censor.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ARE A SOUND INVESTMENT
BUY THEM REGULARLY!

VARIETY

by
Peggy
Skeje

UNLIMITED

Essay on a Horse

A horse is a quadruped; that is, he has four large clubs attached to his body. He will balance himself on any two of these clubs and lay a man out with the other two. A horse is a herbivorous animal; this means if you look grim he will set his teeth into you. He has a pair of large ears which wiggle freely. When you are behind him, he points these straight ahead so he cannot hear what you say. He then has to stop and listen so that he can hear you say "whoa," when he puts them back it is time to move to another district. Most horses have names. A horse's name is very handy to him. When you are in good humor you call him by his name and he does what he likes. When you are not in good humor you call him something else. A horse also has a tail of very fine wires. When you are hooking the traces he delights to hit you across the eyes with it. He has a nose composed of two large nostrils. A species of fly delights to crawl about in these nostrils: the horse objects strenuously to move him in the required direction there are two good methods. The first is to stop the flies with some device. The second is to create a disturbance on some other part of the body which will cause him to forget the flies. He also has a mouth with which he can empty a large trough of water and cause you to pump a great deal. If the well is very deep he will drink twice as much as he would if it was shallow.

A horse will sometimes take a liking to a certain spot and not move from it. Three courses are then open: first to try kindness, this invariably fails. Secondly, to leave him if you have lots of time. This works excellently. Thirdly persuade him to move by application of extreme physical pain: this sometimes works and sometimes does not. A horse likes travelling when not accompanied by any other human beings. Leave the gate open some night and the next morning you will get him ten miles away. Sometimes flies get on the middle of his back when he is working in a team four abreast. According to his nature he will do one of things: First, dislodge them with his tail, second, kick the next horse, thirdly, turn and bite the place where they had been. If the horse happens to be on the outside of the team, after this manoeuvre the whole team starts out at right angles to their former course. Sometimes a horse imagines his mouth is sore. Then he will stand on his hind legs every time you pull the line. It is quite pleasant to see a whole team stand up like this. Altogether the horse has had hurled at him more pleasant epithets than any other animal. Generally he deserves them.

An Eye For Trouble.

The English tell a story about a reluctant conscript asked by the army oculist to read a chart. "What chart?" asked the draftee. "Just sit down in that chair and I'll show you." "What chair?" asked the man.

Deferred because of bad eyesight, the draftee went to an early movie. When the lights came on, he was horrified to discover the oculist in the next seat. "Excuse me said the conscript as calmly as possible, "does this bus go to hipley?"

Retort

George Bernard Shaw, doing his duty at a benefit affair, asked a dowager to dance. As they waltzed, she simpered, "Oh, Mr Shaw, whatever made you ask poor little me to dance?"

G.B.S., "This is a charity ball isn't it?"

Remote Control

Little Claude's mother had reluctantly allowed her precious child to attend school. She gave the teacher a long list of instructions, "My Claude is so sensitive," she explained. "Don't even punish him. Just slap the boy next to him. That will frighten Claude."

From a church notice board:

Evening Subject

What is Hell Like?

Come and hear our Organist.

She: Listen Ed, don't be so hard on mothers-in-law. There are some quite charming ones.

He: Don't get angry dear. I have nothing against yours-its mine who is such a nuisance.

What do you think of war? The Mussolinis, father and sons, liked it in 1936. We have their opinions on war then, they may have changed them by now. Here they are:

Benito Mussolini-War is justice, nobility and brotherly pity. It is a creator of new ideas; a sower of seeds. Three cheers for war in general though it is cursed in word and deed by a herd of.....and fools and by infinitely blind and ignorant multitudes".

Vittorio Mussolini-son of the dictator who saw service in Ethiopia and Spain: War is the quintessence of beauty. I remember that one group of horsemen gave me the impression of a budding rose as the bombs fell in their midst. It was exceptionally good fun."

Visitor to the war department-"I have crossed a homing pigeon with a woodpecker. It not only delivers the message, but it knocks on the door."

.....
.....



Marston was English. His very eyes in which his soul shone forth were British too. It was his British stoicism that led him to say nothing when his mother sent him across to Canada. "You'll be much safer there with your Aunt Polly, Marston," she had said with tears in her eyes, smiling, yet half-fearful at the thought of sending the boy away across the sea. And Marston's soul had writhed inwardly, for he was fifteen, and brave. He did not want to be a shirker. He wanted his bomb-shocked London, and his school mates, his tram rides to the big bare building where he learned his lessons. But because he was Marston Hunt, and because his father was dead, he said nothing, but nodded miserably, and turned and went to his room. What happened there it is hard to know, but thereafter he wore a steady smile.

He wore that same smile when he landed three weeks later on Canadian shores. The kindly lady who met him shook him heartily by the hand, but when she saw his fearful eyes and half-hearted, brave smile, she put her arm about his shoulders and when the sobs came she spoke soothing words that only mothers know. Then when Marston had dried his eyes and looked up at her, half-ashamed, but wholly relieved she began to tell him about Canada, especially Alberta. Marston had no eyes for the strange city about him as he sat beside her in the taxi, his eyes fixed intently on her face.

"The autumn days are glorious in Alberta, Marston. The sun smiles his welcome on you always. And when winter comes you will skate and ski and explore the stillness of the woods." Mrs. Linton smiled into the intent blue eyes beside her and Marston smiled back. If all Canadians were like her he knew that he would grow to love this country destined to be his new home.

When, next morning, they came to the station, Marston was amazed at the people hurrying to and fro. How different it was from his dear old London. Yet there where things were the same, - the Victory V's displayed everywhere. Mrs. Linton saw him safely to his seat, handed him his ticket, some bills which looked very queer indeed, and a basket. Marston knew what the basket contained, and he smiled his thanks. Mrs. Linton smiled back, then bent and kissed his forehead. With the words, "Be good, Marston!" she was gone, and he was left alone with his

bitter thoughts and sad memories.

Hours later, stiff and cramped, his memories stepped away, and he awakened to his surroundings. The compartment was almost empty, but Marston thrilled. There ahead of him was a familiar color-khaki. Marston stared at the trim figure. He wished it would turn around. He tried to imagine what the young soldier looked like, and conjured up a vision of fair hair, warm blue eyes and a findly grin. Then suddenly the figure turned. Marston looked away quickly, unseeingly, to the beautiful scenery gliding by.

Then his heart beat quickly. The khaki figure was approaching. A moment later a blithe young voice said, "Are you lonesome, buddy?" Marston stammered and an answer, and flushed gainfully as he looked into a pair of warm, friendly brown eyes. White teeth shone in a deeply tanned face, and Marston felt his hot cheeks cool slowly as he recognized the amiable curiosity that prompted the other's gaze.

"Are you lonesome, buddy?" he repeated with a note of sympathy in his voice. Marston caught the inflection and nodded eagerly. Then before the other's gentle questioning his reticence gave way a little, and somewhat incoherently, eagerly, he told of his father's death, his English home, his Aunt's farm in Alberta, where they raised wheat and even cows and horses. Did he think it might be a real ranch with cowboys? Private Dawson laughed and said "Yes" with vigor. Before that warm response Marston felt a glow of friendship he never before had experienced, and he looked at Jerry Dawson with worship on his eyes.

Poor lonely Marston. So lonely that the slightest hint of friendship made him pour forth his soul. What would he feel in Alberta, where the kindhearted farm folks he had never seen would be mother and father and friends to him?

Continued

by Patricia Laurent

Editor's Note

Patricia Laurent, a new member of the Camrose High School student body will continue to write about Marston Hunt and His adventures in the Royal Blue and Gold's coming issues. Although she is a new student at Camrose, she is doing her part in making a successful paper.

by S.H.

CAMROADS

HIGH SCHOOL



MR MARKWELL'S
FRENCH CLASS

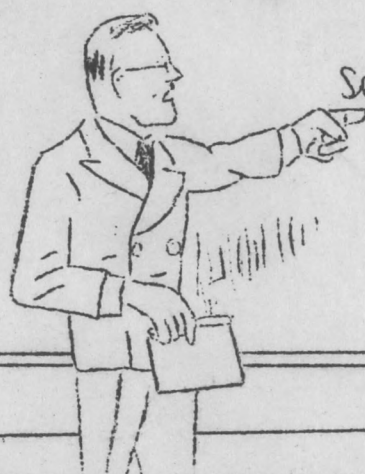
Servus est m

THIS FRENCH IS TERRIBLE
NOT ONE PERSON GOT A
SENTENCE RIGHT YET.



Servus est ma

WHAT IS THIS? WHO DID THIS?



Servus est malus

I'VE TOLD YOU DOZENS OF TIMES NOT TO
USE FRENCH PHRASES WITH WHICH YOU
AREN'T FAMILIAR. NOW LOOK WHAT
SOMEONE HAS DONE!!



Servus est malus.

WHY DON'T YOU PEOPLE
LISTEN TO WHAT I TELL
YOU?!!



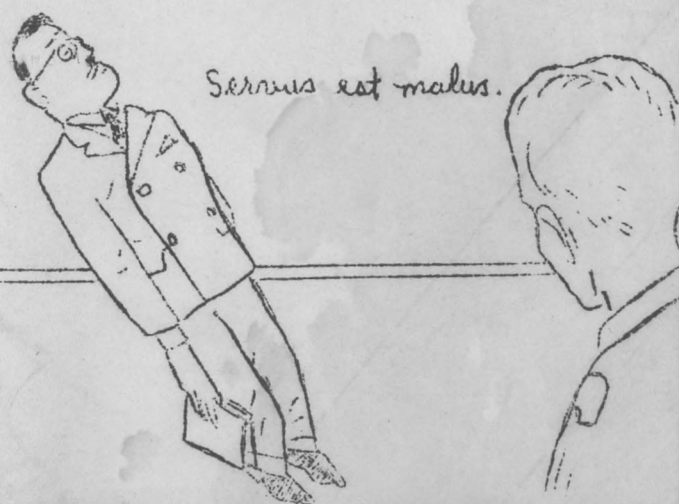
Servus est malus

BUT MR. MARKWELL THAT ISN'T
OUR FRENCH IT'S —



Servus est malus

LATIN FROM ONE OF MISS COLLINGS
CLASSES!



Servus est malus.

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW MR.
MARKWELL, FIVE DOLLARS
PLEASE?

OH WHY DID I HAVE
TO BE A TEACHER?



